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equivalents, as appear on p. 85, "ME. *stumren, stumlen, stumblen* stumble, NE. *stumble* slip or trip in moving the feet, EFris. *stum-meln* schwach, schwankend hin und her schwanken und stossen, stossend und stockend gehen, stolpern, Dan. dial. *stumle* støde med fødderne, ON. *stumra* stolpern, Lith. *stumiù* stosse, schiebe (Wood, *Hesp. Ergänz.* I. 60)."

The works of Drs. Ihrig and Reining form a clear, substantial and welcome addition to our rapidly increasing stock of semantic studies. The province of the semanticist is practically unlimited. Not only as to the material but to the manner of treatment as well. Family life, home, clothing, alimentation, religion, war, state institutions, the varied realms of Nature, trade, arts, sciences, education, may all be drawn upon for all periods and all races, with such different points of view as the rise and specialization, disappearance and recrudescence of meanings; transition from the sensuous to the abstract; their importance from the cultural side; the individual semantic coinage of authors and purists, etc. One aspect of semasiology, especially, should be a profitable and interesting field for investigation,—the loan-translation, in the realm of which F. Mauthner has been doing pioneer service. Approximately one fourth of the German vocabulary rests on such translations as *versichern*=assekurieren, *Vollmacht*=plenipotentia, *Stelldichein*=rendez-vous, *empfindsam*=sentimental, *Zwieback*=biscuit. This phenomenon has long ago been recognized in the idiom of the church, school, state and jurisprudence, and has been thoroly exploited. Such imitative translations, however, in the field of the older Germanic dialects, both among themselves and in relation to the other Indo-Germanic languages, still await the detailed as well as comprehensive treatment due to them at the hands of some skilled semanticist. There seems to be ample ground for belief that important results for the degree of relationship between the various Indo-Germanic languages might be brought forth by the intensive application of the science of semantic inter-loans,—and the width, breadth and depth of these relationships is still uncertain enough to warrant an experimentation with the new criterion.

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, HIS LIFE, WORKS, AND INFLUENCE. By George McLean Harper. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These two volumes represent a labor of love, and the industry of years, bestowed upon Wordsworth by Professor George McLean Harper, of Princeton University, whose name henceforth will

be inseparably linked with the object of his devotion. They contain significant revelations concerning the private life of the poet; they aim to interpret his literary work in relation to the inner and outer aspects of his career and his times; they include much comment, freely uttered by their author, that subsequent students of the poet will wish to reckon with; and they offer for our inspection a number of Wordsworthian documents not hitherto printed, together with more accurate copies of a few letters, or extracts, previously published. All in all, Professor Harper, as the saying goes, has made an important contribution to his subject.

One principal revelation there is that our author has to give regarding Wordsworth's life; and most persons doubtless will be inclined to think that more should have been said of it than Professor Harper has found himself able, or perhaps ready, to divulge, or else that the matter should have been withheld from the reading public until adequate light could be thrown on the moral side of the case. Professor Harper does not make this side clear; for on the one hand he tries, by an appeal to Wordsworth's immaturity and temporary philosophical beliefs, and to the standards of the period, to soften our judgment of an episode we should else deem culpable, and on the other he suggests that the relations of the poet with Annette are set forth in the story of *Vaudracour and Julia*—which would give us an incident more in keeping with what we already know of Wordsworth's life and sentiments. The actual evidence presented (not massed, but some of it in one, some in the other volume), would hardly suffice to establish the identity of Caroline before the law as a daughter of Annette and the poet—she might, as Dorothy's 'niece,' be the daughter of any brother of Dorothy. Yet there is no reason to doubt that in *Vaudracour and Julia*, originally a part of the autobiographical *Prelude*, Wordsworth is to some extent writing autobiography. It was his habit to merge details from several sources in one picture, and we need not pause to explain the difficulty raised by what he said in later years to Miss Fenwick about the origin of these lines.

As to the general interpretation of Wordsworth's poetry and prose in connection with his life and times, it may be noted that Professor Harper lays stress on the interest shown by the poet in the French Revolution, and on the influence he received from Rousseau, from Godwin, from his sister Dorothy, from Coleridge. We wish there were an adequate account of the effect produced upon him by the philosophy of David Hartley, whether learned at first or at second hand; but Hartley's name does not appear in the Index.

Of the intercalary comments by Professor Harper, one must admit that they give a more personal and subjective tone to his book than we are wont to expect in strict biography. Legouis,

Hutchinson, Dykes Campbell, Dowden, and even Knight, are more objective in dealing with Wordsworth, or with Wordsworth and Coleridge. The lack of objectivity is exemplified in the liberal display of opinion respecting what Wordsworth probably did or did not do or believe in circumstances where we have little or nothing to guide us. In particular, one may think these volumes over-bold in suggesting dates of composition for poems thus far undated. And what shall we say of a statement like this (1.213 n): 'Dorothy Wordsworth, I have been told, was acquainted with the Priestley family, and visited them'? The source of information may satisfy the writer, but will a footnote like that content the reader? We should in general like more notes, and a more generous use of specific references to the authorities for various statements.

The personal comments may be taken to include some of the particular explanations and criticisms of poems and passages in Wordsworth. There is some excellent criticism. Most of what Professor Harper says of *The Excursion*, of *The White Doe of Rylstone*, and of *Peter Bell* is very good. But the criticism is quite uneven. Conventional estimates of generally overpraised efforts like the *Ode, Intimations of Immortality*, are intermingled with abrupt and severe condemnations, such as the one passed upon all but a part of Wordsworth's *Vernal Ode*. The scathing censure of *Waterfowl*, beginning with the line,

Mark how the feathered tenants of the flood,
is altogether surprising. Among the *obiter dicta*, we have expressions of opinion by the author on many of Wordsworth's contemporaries. Professor Harper has a particular animus against Edmund Burke, whom he actually compares unfavorably (1.259) with Thomas Paine.

As for the new documents here first published, the ones of most importance are letters relating to Annette and Caroline; but aside from these, Professor Harper has gone to the original manuscript of Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals, and has pieced out Knight's *Letters of the Wordsworth Family*, correcting Knight's dates now and then, and now and then his transcriptions.

The book is well printed; that is, the English fount of type possesses a certain distinction. There are, however, not a few dropped points. Thus in the first volume, page 67, we miss quotation-marks in the fourth line from the top, and a period in the tenth line and a comma in the second line from the bottom. Actual misprints are not numerous. The worst is in volume two, page 179, where the same four lines are repeated in a quotation. Among other slight defects we may note a misquotation (1.50); the last line on the page should read:

The bond of union between life and joy.
'Mantains' (2.247) is not pretty.

Having said so much, chiefly in praise, of an important book, I shall now exercise the reviewer's privilege of making a few more specific or more general strictures.

First, then, the author would seem to indulge over-frequently in sweeping generalizations. Thus he opens with the statement that 'Wordsworth is more widely read and more often quoted than any other English poet except Shakespeare and Milton.' If this refers to the present time, one may venture to think that Browning is more widely read, at least in this country. If the statement is not narrowly restricted in point of time, it may fairly be thought that Pope has been more frequently quoted. Again we read (1.310): 'The story of Dorothy Wordsworth is the tenderest, the purest, the most sacred page in the annals of poetry.' What of Dante's Beatrice? Or again, one is astonished to learn (1.406) that Wordsworth's Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* is 'his supreme work in prose,' and that it ranks among critical treatises with Sidney's *Defense of Poesy*. The sentiment is shortly repeated (1.424): 'It is certainly, with the possible exception of Sidney's *Defence of Poesie*, the most eloquent, as it is without rival the most weighty, treatise on the subject in our language.' In so far as Shelley's treatise echoes Plato, is it not equally solid, and is it not more eloquent? One may entertain a favorable notion of Wordsworth as a critic without needless exaggeration. After reading the remarks on the Advertisement—it is not a 'Preface' (1.423)—of 1798, and these on the Preface of 1800, we are prepared, it may be, for the less enthusiastic treatment of Wordsworth's *Guide to the Lakes* (2.190-191), but not for what is said of *The Convention of Cintra* (2.177): 'His style is as heroic as his theme. It has a volume and weight unequalled even by Burke, and matched only by Milton.' Or take the following (2.147): 'The *Prelude* is the greatest long poem in our language after *Paradise Lost*.' What of *Paradise Regained*, *The Faerie Queene*, *Beowulf*? *The Excursion* (1.182) 'is the most profound and sensitive comment literature has made upon the most tremendous social upheaval of modern times.' What of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh books (on the French Revolution) of *The Prelude*? Wordsworth (1.24) had 'a power, probably unmatched in modern times, of composing many lines of poetry without the employment of writing.' Bayard Taylor is said to have had a marvellous capacity for retaining what he composed, corrections and all, until he wished to make a fair copy for the printer. The list may close with a description of Coleridge as (2.130) 'the most contagious mind then existing,' and (2.126) 'the greatest speculative genius our race ever produced.'

As the passages on the Preface of 1800 might suggest, there is a good deal of repetition in the work. Some is inevitable, but not all; for example, a characterization of Southey (2.103), which echoes an earlier one (2.78), and makes the reader feel a lack of

co-ordination even in the parts of the same chapter. Occasionally we are aware of a discrepancy, as when the author, speaking of *An Evening Walk*, remarks (1.191): 'Perhaps it may seem presumptuous to pick out the lines which I think likely to have caught the eye of Coleridge'—and does not mention the line which, as we subsequently discover (1.303), gave Coleridge the expression 'green radiance' in the *Lines Written at Shurton Bars*.

Occasionally Professor Harper's knowledge of the text is at fault. For instance, he says of *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (2.327): 'It is strange that one of the best sonnets in the book, *Author's Voyage Down the Rhine (Thirty Years Ago)*, was never reprinted by Wordsworth'; the inference perhaps being that the poet after all was not a safe critic. But the truth is, as I once pointed out in *Notes and Queries* (Sept. 17, 1910), that Wordsworth remodelled the lines, and used the new version in *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* (Part III, No. XII), though the fact escaped the notice of his editors, including Dowden, Hutchinson, Knight, and Nowell Smith.

The author properly brings out the gradual development in Wordsworth of a fuller sympathy with the Christian religion and the English Church, but he doubtless accentuates the difference between the poet's earlier and later years. Thus he says (1.196): 'I think it has never been remarked that the poem [*Descriptive Sketches*] contains a distinct confession of religious unbelief.' But if we consult the first edition of this poem, it appears that Wordsworth merely deplores his inability to share the local faith in the wonder-working image of the Virgin at Einsiedeln. Professor Harper, in fact, prints (1.93) an utterance of Wordsworth betraying the religious feelings of the poet at the very time when he was gathering the impressions embodied in *Descriptive Sketches*: 'Among the more awful scenes of the Alps, I had not a thought of man, or a single created being; my whole soul was turned to Him who produced the terrible majesty before me.' The date is September, 1790.

Professor Harper does not take Wordsworth's seeming infirmities too lightly. He readily thinks of the poet as a second Milton—many have done that. But he is appalled to learn of Wordsworth's presumption in fancying that he could write, if he chose, like Shakespeare (1.269). Why not? Is Shakespeare's style harder to imitate? When he tried, Wordsworth showed no slight capacity for imitating other poets—witness his Spenserian stanzas in the manner of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*. And is it always possible to distinguish Shakespeare's style from that of his collaborators, Middleton, for example? How many doubtful plays have, at one time or another, been attributed to Shakespeare?

One more point. The volumes before us do not always reveal an adequate discrimination in respect to contemporary opinions of Wordsworth in his later years. Professor Harper's own opinion, unfortunately, is that the poet became stiff, egotistical, conven-

tional, and unplastic; and he rather agrees with those who judge the manners of the bard of Rydal Mount with some harshness. Yet he calls the judgment of Mill (2.355), passed in 1831, 'most important.' Now Mill speaks of the extensive range of Wordsworth's thoughts and 'the largeness and expansiveness of his feelings'; the characteristic dwelt upon is 'the direct antithesis of what the Germans . . . call one-sidedness.' A few pages later (2.360) we read the opinion of Lockhart that in a meeting with Jeffrey 'Wordsworth played the part of a man of the world to perfection.' 'I have had three or four breakfasts for him,' says Henry Taylor, 'and he is as agreeable in society as he is admirable in the powers of talking, so perfectly courteous and well-bred and simple in his manners.'¹

On the whole, it is to be feared that a rigorously critical attitude has not been maintained throughout, and that in preparing the work for the press not quite enough effort was put forth to prune away redundancies and harmonize discrepancies. It is disconcerting to read in a note on page 324 of the second volume that 'even so late as 1821 *The Prelude* was still subject to revision,' and then on page 407 to find indubitable evidence that in 1839 the poet was working at the same task.

But let us have done with strictures. If Professor Harper's method is not always ideally critical, nor his sympathy with Wordsworth always strong enough to endure the strain that comes from following the poet into the details of his every-day life; and if he has not constructed all his opinions about Wordsworth from the bottom up, nevertheless he has written a notable book, with much devotion, and with a frankness and sincerity of feeling that will win many readers to him and his poet.

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¹ Compare Elizabeth Wedgwood's account of the meeting, in *Emma Darwin, A Century of Family Letters*, edited by Henrietta Litchfield (1. 235-236): 'Fanny [Mackintosh] had a grand dinner yesterday . . . There was a party in the evening, too, which was made memorable by bringing Wordsworth and Jeffrey together. When Sir James [Mackintosh] proposed to Mr. Wordsworth to introduce them to one another, he did not agree to it. "We are fire and water," he said, "and if we meet we shall only hiss—besides he has been doing his utmost to destroy me." "But he has not succeeded," Sir James said, "and he really is one of your greatest admirers"; and upon that he took Mr. Wordsworth by the shoulders and turned him round to Jeffrey, and left them together. They immediately began talking, and Sir James came very proud to tell us what he had done, and to fetch us to see them; and Mr. Wordsworth looked very happy and complacent. Mr. Lockhart said it was the best thing he ever saw done. The two enemies liked one another's company so much that, when the rest of the party broke up at past eleven, they remained talking together with Sir James, discussing poets, orators, and novelists, till one o'clock, with Mr. Sheil listening with all his ears, and Mr. Empson and Fanny and Uncle Baugh as audience. I, alas! was obliged to carry my head to bed. Sir James enjoyed his two hours' talk very much.' She adds: 'Fanny has just been reading a little of one of Jeffrey's reviews of Wordsworth, and W. really showed no small degree of placability in his good fellowship with him last night.'